Rpln OOBE form Mailed 10/30/78

[redacted]

October 12, 1978

Mr Robert A. Monroe
Monroe Institute
P.O. Box 57
Afton, Va. 22920

Dear Mr. Monroe,

I read your book about OOBE's and found it fascinating. So fascinating, in fact, that I decided to have some myself. I have included the results of all my essais and efforts that I thought might be of spme behefit to you in your research.in this envelope. I hope they will be of some worth to you.

I also am interested in the nature of the research that your institute is currently conducting. And I want to say that I am intrigued by the idea of continuing to have experiences of this kind throughout my life. On the whole, I am of the opinion that their effect on me is nothing but salubrious and that their function in my life must be, if anything, integrative.

I anxiously await your forthcoming report on your experiments of the last several years. If there is any further information or advice of a practical nature that you can safely give me that might conceivably aid me in my efforts, please send it down. And, whether or not you are willing to send information ofvthat sort out, please don't neglect to apprize me of the activities at the institute.

Sincerely,
James R. Sauder
James R. Sauder

January or February, 1978

At about 2 o'clock in the morning I dreamt that I saw a small cassette tape recorder on a wooden, four legged table. Later in the morning, at about 4 o'clock, I decided I wanted to go back and visit that dream. At the time I formulated the wish I was asleep, but at the instant the dream recommenced, I awakened within the dream. I quite vividly sank out of my body and down into my mattress. I felt as light as a feather and completely relaxed, so relaxed, in fact, that I think if I ever attain to a more relaxed state I'll be dead. Be that as it may, I was viewing the cassette recorder head-on, at table level. The recorder was setting about three feet off the floor on the edge of the table towards me and facing me, It had four differently and brightly colored control keys on the front. The room that housed the entire set-up was roughly 10' by 10' and drably painted. There was nothing in that room other than the recording mechanism and the table that supported it. Interestingly, one of my former co-workers, Bill Fickes, from lancaster, Pa., was there with me. I never saw Bill, but I knew beyond the shadow of any doubt whatsoever that he was there beside me, on my right. I always found him to be affable enough and good company and was pleasantly surprised at his presence.

April 25, 1978 or thereabouts 7:00 A.M.

I was dozing when suddenly I realized I was seeing a man dressed in a blue business suit. The unusual thing was that he appeared to be a co-worker of my father's and that his image was much clearer than are most dream images. He went away after a moment. I resolved to make him reappear. Shortly after that resolution he reappeared, but only to disappear again. This cycle was repeated 3 or 4 times. At some point in the process I became aware of seeing what seemed to be a veiled or poorly lighted very high speed and ultra-sophisticated digital read-out of some description. The characters, or what I could see of them, were alien looking-not Arabic, Hebrew, Korean, SansKrit or Greek- but having that strange look and feel that non-Roman alphabets do. I gathered that someone or something was running a quick psychological test on me. At one point something happened and I felt energy flooding to my head from every last fiber and capillary in my body. When the energy collected in my head I somehow saw what might be loosely described as a model of my psyche. I remember recognizing the two hemispheres of my brain and marveling at seeing my mind thus represented. I must admit, though,

that my understanding of this vision of a supposed representation of my mental or psychological faculties is less than perfect. When I saw my psyche, if, indeed, the verb 'to see' can apply here, there was much in the picture that was, quite frankly, beyond my comprehension. Whatever the objective truth of this matter may be (if there be such a thing as objective truth), the feeling persists that I may have had some contact, whether direct or indirect I don't know, with an alien civilization considerably in advance of ours technically.

May 2, 1978 7:00 A.M.

I awoke and couldn't sleep, so I decided to meditate. I began a 1,2,3,4 counting meditation. Suddenly a force or pressure welled up into my head. It seemed to me as though my awareness ballooned outward and was not limited strictly to the confines of my cranium. I discovered that I was bobbing up out of my body by about one foot. After what seemed a short period of time I fell more slowly back into my body, bumping slightly as I reëntered. This happened about two times, interspersed with a couple of instances of equally short duration when I felt as though I sank out of my body and into my mattress. After a few minutes of this I felt myself trying to rotate out of my body to the West (I was lying face down, head to the North). I resisted at first, but then decided to let go and leave. The rotation was not very fast or violent. As I sensed that I was leaving my body, I felt that I was falling down through the edge of my bed to floor level. The nature of my rotation is this: as I lie face down, my right side lifts and I turn to the West, back first. When I am 180 degrees out of sync with my original position the rotation halts. If the rotation has an axis I'm not exactly sure where it is. My method (at least in this case) seems to consist of rolling out of my body and over the edge of the bed, dropping back first, in a prone position, towards the floor. At any rate, I could feel the air moving at floor level and could feel the metal frame of the bed as I passed by, but the sensation in both cases was slight. I was able to see, but only dimly and vaguely. I was listless, dull, kind of dopey, feeling unable to move. This whole time, from the moment I first began to bounce out of my body, I had been hearing the voice of a man, I am unable to even speculate about his identity. Suffice it to say that he seemed very mature- rather like Fred McMurray or Walter Cronkite, that though he wasn't muttering I was not able to understand anything that he said, and that though I perceived him as being seperated from me by a relatively healthy distance(physical,psychological, a combination?) I keyed on his voice and reflexively followed it. As I gathered my wits on the floor, I determined that I would try to go someplace exotic. So, I made up my mind and felt myself moving at a high rate of speed. To my dismay, I was able to

see nothing. I felt something gaseous moving past me, like a light wind or strips of diaphonous material, and then I seemed to be passing through a region of two-dimensional, variously colored iridescent or phosphorescent 4 sided snowflake-like figures. When the crystals ended I found myself looking on a room. There was a window on the facing wall. roughly 5 feet above floor level. The sky outside appeared to be very, very black or non-existant. The walls of the room were of some neutral color. The floor was partially covered by a wine colored carpet or tapis of some kind, and a plant resembling a rubber plant stood in a pot in the corner against the facing wall and to my right. The dimensions of the room were, to the best of my recollection, about 35'by 35'. There was a man sitting under the window, or perhaps a little to the right of it, and he was sitting cross-legged on a mat or cushion either playing a stringed instrument or drawing/painting on something he held in his lap. I couldn't be sure, because I was having great trouble seeing. I could hold my eyes open only with great effort and concentration and then for brief periods only. My eyes felt sandy and stuck shut. I was thinking, "This is fascinating, but I can barely get my eyes open. If only I didn't have this vision problem!" Just as I thought this a voice from the right said, "How can you expect to have spiritual vision, if you can't see the suffering of little children?" I recognized the speaker as Jesus Christ without any reflection or equivocation whatever. My recognition was as swift and sure as it would have been if, say, my mother would have spoken to me. I did not see him but was, nevertheless, very impressed by his exceptional maturity and God-like nature. I also remarked in that moment, my feelings being very strong and convincing, that we are all eminently capable of becoming exactly like Christ in every respect. It is as if we are all potential Gods, but fail to realize it, and never experience life in the full, satisfying, mature, highly spiritual and completely rewarding way that we otherwise might. I had the feeling that what is required of us is some essentially radical change, not exterior and not interior, but somehow both and neither- that would have the most profound and far reaching implications for both individual man and man in society. I might add that this a singular moment in my life. Shortly after this point I left the OOBE, lucid dream, dream, or whatever it is that it is most properly called, and awoke in my bed in a more ordinary frame of mind.

May 15, 1978 5:00 A.M.

I awoke at 4:30 but couldn't sleep, so I decided to meditate. I qickly became frustrated because I was too sleepy to concentrate. I decided that maybe I was tired enough to fall back to sleep again, so I turned over on my stomach. My head was facing West, my body North. I was watching a little bluish-purple patch of light, when suddenly it became very bright. I heard aloud rushing sound and a slow, raspy, buzzing sort of sound. I found that in order to sustain the sound of the wind and the buzzing sound I had to focus my attention on the sounds and the blue light. The effort was something like that which wiggling my ears requires.

I decided that maybe I could leave my body. I tried a number of times to roll out or to go out of my head, but nothing worked. In frustration I tried one final time to roll out and was relieved to feel myself turning. The roll-out was quicker and smoother than the first time and I felt myself dropping. Again, to my dismay, I couldn't see anything. I kept thinking about what the voice that sounded like Christ had said and wondering why I couldn't see. I decided to find out where I was. I opened my eyes and discovered that I hadn't gone anywhere, that I was staring at the wall beside my bed. I closed my eyes and tried again. I rolled right back out and felt myself floating backward towards the floor. I decided to travel somewhere and felt myself moving at a high rate of speed and had the impression of covering large distances. The whole time I kept feeling little twinges in one of my feet. Finally, I felt myself slowing down and descending. When I stopped I opened my eyes and saw dimly that I was about 4 feet over my bed. I don't remember seeing anyone at all in the bed, but I did have, that memory notwithstanding, the distinct impression that I was connected to my body at the feet and that I was inclined on an angle rising upward and Northward from my body. After a couple of seconds I dropped swiftly back into my body.

I immediately rolled out again and dropped on my back towards the floor, Suddenly I could see. I was inside a house without interior partitions. It seemed to be like a doll house and had a dreamy atmosphere. It seemed to be strangely miniature and normal sized at the same time. If I concentrated hard I was able to see pretty clearly, although my vision still seemed, even then, to have a slightly grainy quality. I looked at some interesting pale purple or lavender colored wall paper patterns for awhile, then tried to go out through the windows. But they all seemed to be screened or to have storm windows

that prevented me from leaving. As I searched for an unobstructed passage out I became a bit frightened, but fortunately I happened on a small window on the North side of the house that I was able to use for an exit. Seen close up it looked to be made of white plastic or construction paper. I found myself at ground level in a residential neighborhood. There were broadleafed trees along the streets and houses behind the trees. The roads were in poor repair, being of the Mac-Adam, tar and gravel sort. There were shallow ditches on both sides of the road. I began runnung down the road looking for numbers, signs, anything that could establish where I was. I came upon an ancient (I'M talking old) woman under an awning that was built up on the side of a structure that I took to be private residence (whose residence it was I don't know). Initially, I had thought that she was sewing at a treadle operated sewing machine and that the residence was an old, siver streamlined mobile home, but now I'm not so sure. I am sure, however, that the core of the memory is solid. I did encounter an old lady, she was under a canopy or awning affixed to a small, elongated house of some kind, and there is no mistaking the real nature of the experience. But to continue, I thought she didn't notice me and began running my hands familiarly up and down her body to attract her attention. That didn't seem to affect her in the slightest, so I moved off a few feet to watch her. She got up and started walking toward me to go around to the other side of the building. She began talking to me, and told me a number of things, all of which, unfortunately, I've forgotten. I was somewhat embarrassed that I had been so familiar with her, but she didn't seem to mind in the least. Evidently she had felt my first touch, but had not reacted in any readily apparent way when I touched her. In any event we went around the house to where a group of young men and women were sitting and I began talking with them. They didn't seem at all surprised to see me, so I told them I was dead. That didn't faze them at all, so I tried to find out where I was. I asked them where we were. I didn't quite catch the name of the town, but the last part was Loumibama, Lousibama or something similar. I can't be sure because sometimes I had difficulty understanding them. Sometimes they seemed to speak quickly and indistinctly. I asked them what year it was and they said 60 or 70 something. They weren't certain just what year it was. One girl with rotten teeth (about 20 yrs. old) said she was pretty sure it was '63. I said, " '63 what? 1963? 1863? You know?" She said." Its 2063. (she said twenty-sixty-three) . We

don't say the twenty. I asked her what month it was. She wasn't sure- some of the others thought that maybe it was Oct. or Nov.. The old lady concurred. All of them had the haziest of conceptions of time. I tried to teach one of the boys to say the months in order, but when we reached February he lost interest(we started with January). They were largely unconcerned with time. During the course of the conversation I noticed a few cars parked along the street. As we conversed a couple of men passed in cars that threw off fairly much exhaust. And as the evening progressed(it seemed evening, people had a relaxed, after supper manner and the lighting was subdued), I gradually became aware that I was lying in bed daydreaming. I observed that the line of demarkation between the two types of dream is not always extremely clearly drawn.

Last part of June 1978

I lay down to sleep one hot afternoon. As I slept lightly, face down, head to the North, I rolled out of my body to the West. I was able to reach my hands all the way around my bed and clasp them together below the springs. I could feel the metal frame digging into my arms and it hurt a little. I did it twice just to make sure that I really could do it. It seemed perfectly natural at the time and I felt that I should be able to do it upon awakening as well. When I woke up I found that I cannot possibly stretch my arms around my bed. In ordinary reality such a thing is impossible.

July 28, 1978 6:30 A.M.

I awoke early, so I did a little concentrative meditation, trying to focus my attention on one place. After a while I decided to go back to sleep and suddenly realized my consciousness was altering. I was hearing differently. I somersaulted out of my body and stood up. I opened my eyes- I saw that I wasn't really standing up. This whole time my senses were mostly removed from my body, the sense of touch in particular. I felt as though my body were drugged, as if I'd been given a big shot of novacaine that deadened bodily sensation. I could feel with my hands and feet, but the feelings were dampened. My senses were peculiarly withdrawn. I drifted back to sleep and remembered the incident when I woke up.

September 14 1978 7:00 A.M.

I was sleeping lightly when I realized that my consciousness was rotating in my body. As it rotated I remember feeling some pain that

xxx seemed to increase as the experience progressed. After a time I felt as though I was drifting out of my body, but although I felt that I had left my body I still seemed to be there. I felt like I was in two places at once. The most salient feature of this episode is the feeling of being in a very different psychological space than is normally the case.

October 4, 1978 6:00 A.M.
I was sleeping lightly when I had the sudden, vivid experience of swinging up feet first and standing on my head on my stomach. I tried to get my visual imagery to brighten, but it wouldn't. I kicked around in the air a little and kind of toppled over to the side and went back to sleep.

October 5, 1978 7:00 A.M.
I was lying awake in bed and thinking. Suddenly I saw what appeared to be an application form for a loan or mortgage, or perhaps for welfare assistance, something along these general lines at any rate. I was looking at it from only a couple of inches away and seeing it clearly-something which is impossible with my physical eyes. I was looking at it from so close that I never was able to see more than a few words at a time. The type was always very clear and crisp and easy to read, but it seemed that two or three words would be superimposed on one another or would fade in and out. The result was that I couldn't figure out what I was reading. I contented myself to observe what I could and let it go at that. The vision of printed matter persisted for two minutes or so, and was gone abruptly.